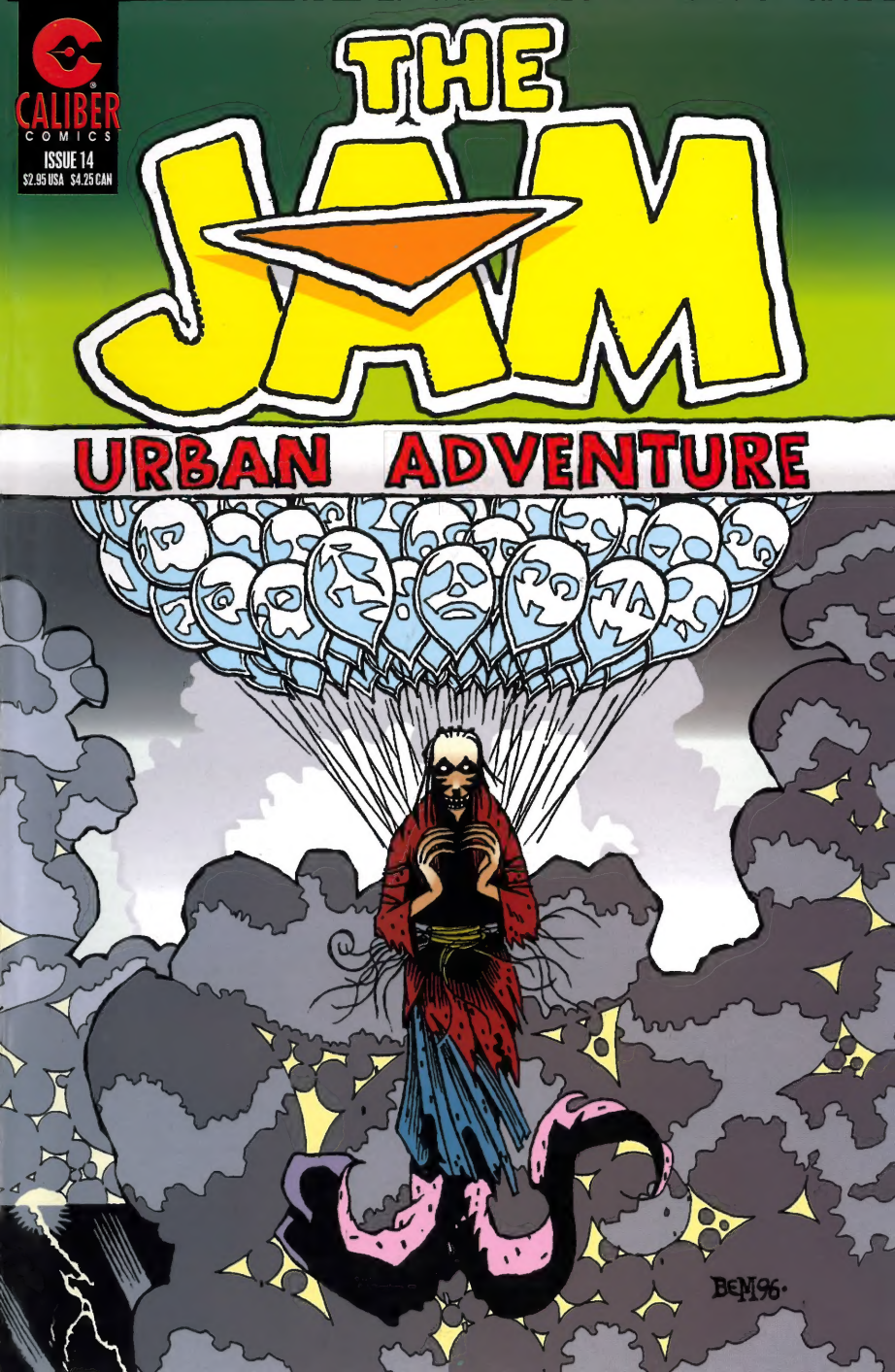
CALIBER
COMICS
ISSUE 14
$2.95 USA $4.25 CAN
THE
JAM
URBAN ADVENTURE
BEM96

HI, EVERYONE! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE LAST ISSUE OF THE JAM FOR AWHILE. I'M OF A MIND TO CREATE A NEW BOOK. HOPE YOU'LL BE WITH ME WHEN THE TIME COMES.

SPECIAL THANKS TO JEFF LANG FOR A FUN COLLABORATION. JEFF WISHES TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING DEDICATION: "THIS ONE IS FOR ANDREW JONATHAN, MY SON, AND JOHN MICHAEL, MY FATHER."

SO THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. THANKS!

-Bernie Mireault.

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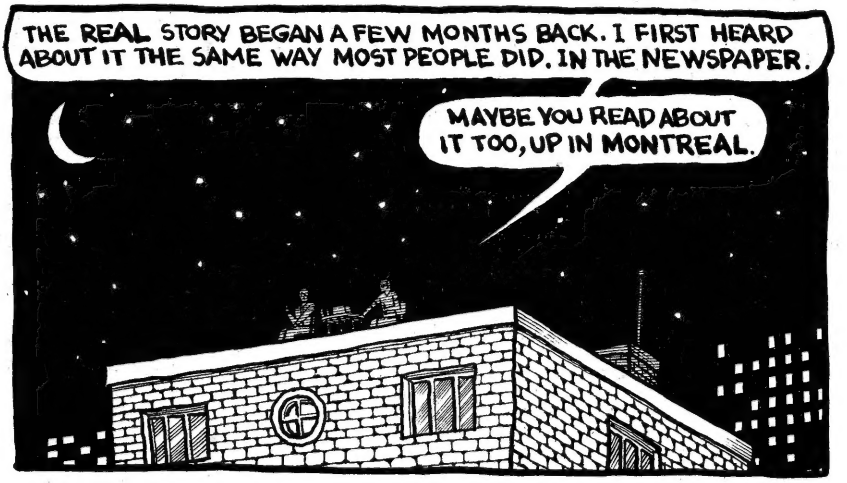
GORDON IS SENT TO PHILADELPHIA ON AN ERRAND FOR JANE MARBLE. THERE HE HEARS AN INCREDIBLE STORY, THE TALE OF "THE KINETIC".

THE JAM

"THE KINETIC" CREATED BY JEFF LANG.

WRITTEN by JEFF LANG. DRAWN by BERNIE MIREAULT.


THE REAL STORY BEGAN A FEW MONTHS BACK. I FIRST HEARD ABOUT IT THE SAME WAY MOST PEOPLE DID. IN THE NEWSPAPER.
MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT IT TOO, UP IN MONTREAL.

Winners: Miss. State, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Kansas
The Philadelphia Inquirer
Bizarre Double Murder
Mother, child slain
Tempers flare as House votes to repeal ban on assault guns
Father held
Phila. drug sting goes sour inside car

THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE VICTIMS EXCEPT THAT THEY WERE ALL WOMEN WITH ONE MALE CHILD, ANYWHERE FROM 6 MONTHS TO 6 YEARS OLD.
THE FATHER WAS NEVER KILLED, BUT THE KILLER MADE SURE THAT THE MAN SAW HIS CHILD DIE. ALL OF THEM SWORE THAT THEY SAW THE MOTHER KILL THE CHILD...
... WHICH WAS IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE THE MOTHERS WERE ALREADY DEAD. THE COPS GOT NOWHERE WITH IT.

THE KILLER LEFT NO NOTES, NO FINGER-PRINTS. DIDN'T CALL TO TAUNT THE POLICE. NOTHING.

IT WAS HARD TO BE A PARENT LAST SPRING.

OTHER THAN THAT, THINGS WERE PRETTY GOOD...

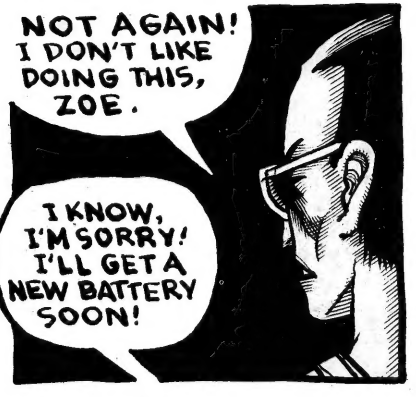
...ZOE HAD A MANAGEMENT-TYPE JOB IN AN OFFICE. I WAS WRITING A LOT. HARRY WAS GROWING IN LEAPS AND BOUNDS.
RISE AND SHINE.
I WANT WAFFLES!
WAKE UP!
HEY!
YOU WANT THE SHOWER FIRST? I DON'T HAVE TO BE ANYWHERE UNTIL 9:00.
THE DAY IT HAPPENED STARTED OUT LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY.

HEY, YOU GUYS! WHERE'S MY WAFFLES?
THEY'RE ALL GONE.
THAT'S OKAY. I DON'T LIKE WAFFLES.
WE KNOW.

SEE YOU LATER.
'BYE.
BYE, MOM!

OKAY, KID. LET'S CATCH A SHOWER.
MARK, CAN I BORROW YOU FOR A MINUTE?
YOU STILL HERE?
I'M STICKY!

MY CAR WON'T START AGAIN AND I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE. THINK YOU CAN HELP ME OUT, SPARKY?
I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.


NOT AGAIN! I DON'T LIKE DOING THIS, ZOE.
I KNOW, I'M SORRY! I'LL GET A NEW BATTERY SOON!

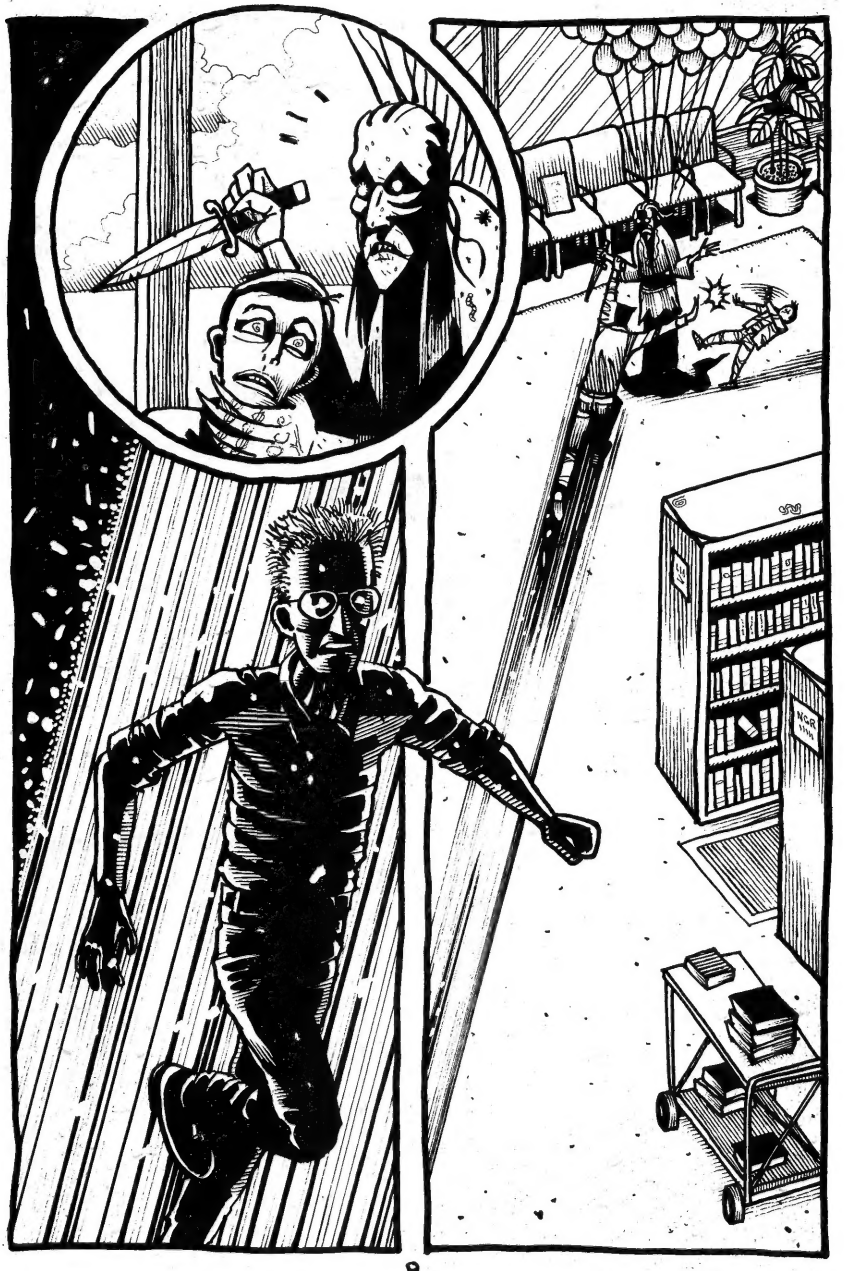
OKAY.
TURN IT OVER.
RRRR

HEAVY-DUTY
RRVROOOM!

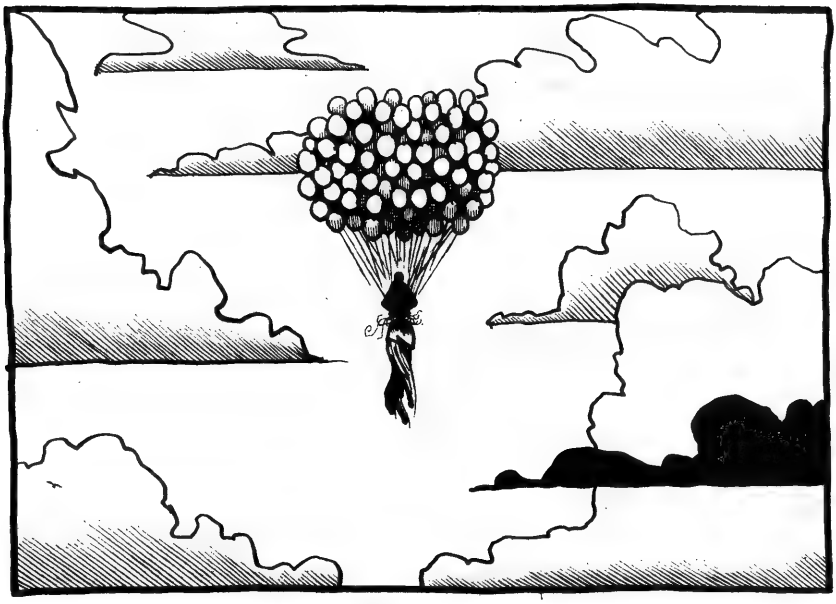
BEFORE I BRING YOU TO DAYCARE I HAVE TO STOP AT THE LIBRARY, OKAY?
OK.
GOT YOUR BOOK?
YUP.
GOT YOUR HOT-WHEELS?
YUP.
ABC
GOOD. NO LOUD MULTI-CAR COLLISIONS, PLEASE.
I'LL JUST BE OVER THERE.
OKAY, DAD.
HERE HE COMES! ♫ HERE COMES ♫ SPEED RACER HE'S A-BEEPIN' ON WHEELS! ♪
MOMMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

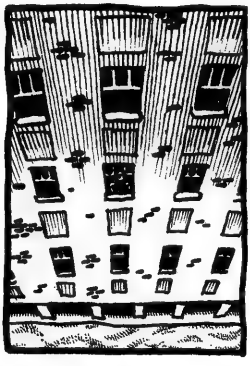
COULD THIS GODDAMNED THING GO A LITTLE SLOWER?!
THE KID'S GOING TO START CLIMBING THE WALLS IN--
HARRY?
ZOE?!

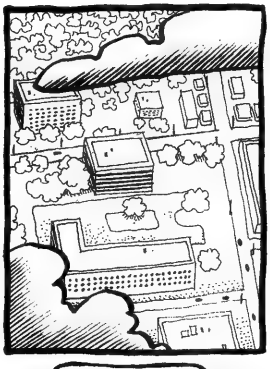
SMASH!
HARRY!!
DZZZ

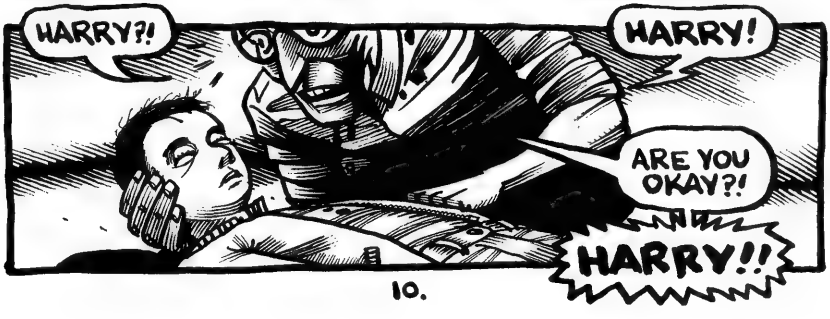


DZZZT!
SLASH!!!
HORGH!
OW.
WAIT!
STOP!

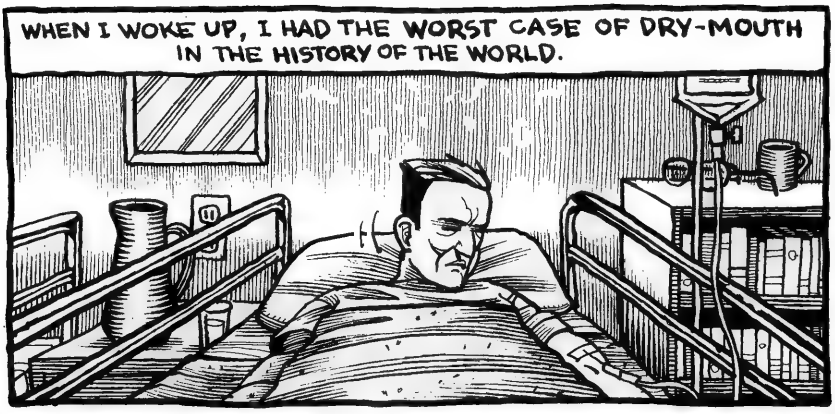







HARRY?!
HARRY!
ARE YOU OKAY?!
HARRY!!

SO I PICKED HIM UP AND RAN. I HEADED FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, SINCE THAT'S WHERE WE TOOK HIM THE TIME HE CUT HIS HEAD.
I RAN VERY, VERY FAST.
FORTUNATELY, SOMEONE WAS WALKING OUT JUST AS WE HEADED IN. OTHERWISE...
... I DON'T THINK THAT THE ELECTRIC EYE FOR THE AUTOMATIC DOORS WOULD HAVE SPOTTED US.
HELP!
HE'S UNCONCIOUS! I DON'T--
PLEASE..
AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT FUZZY FOR A WHILE.


WHEN I WOKE UP, I HAD THE WORST CASE OF DRY-MOUTH IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

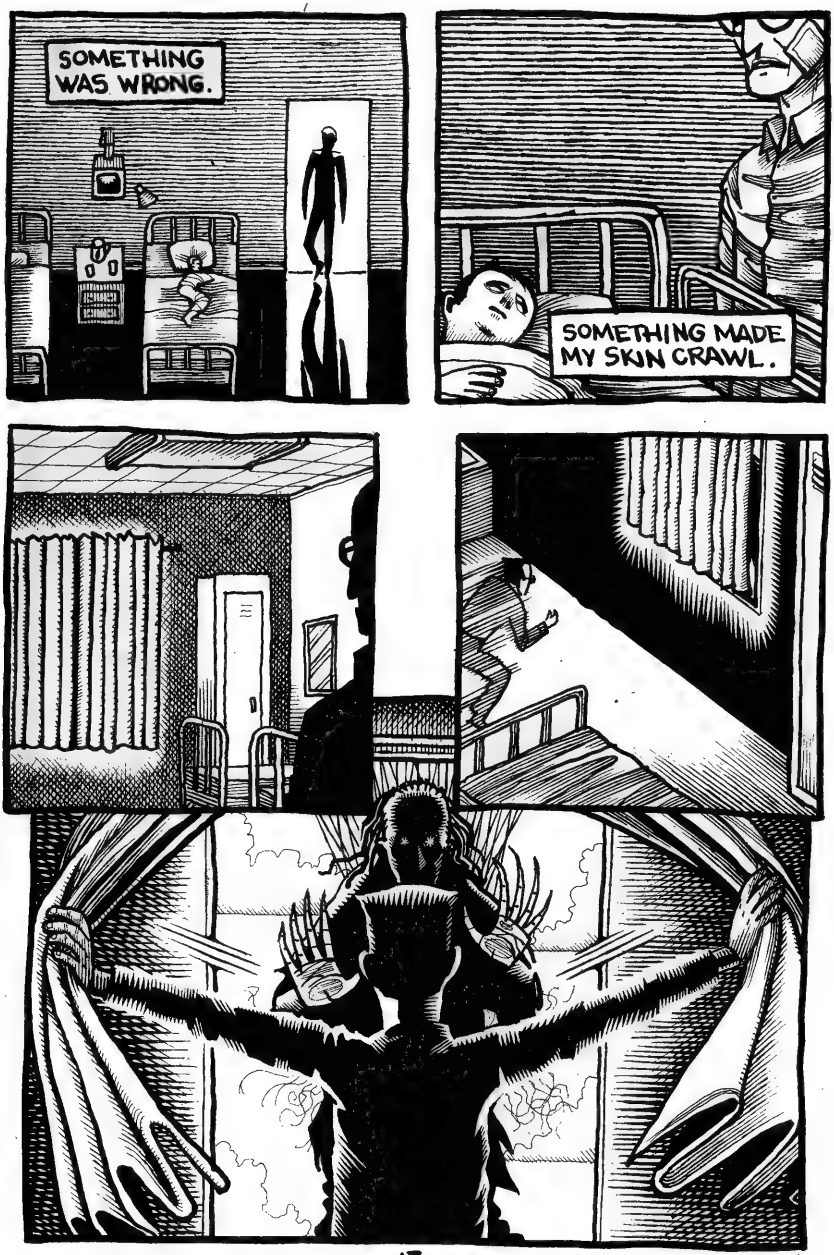
HARRY!
YOUR BOY IS FINE.

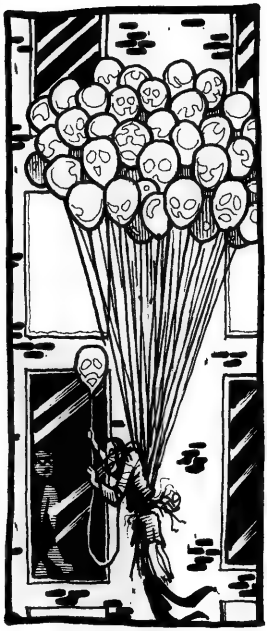
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAVE THE WORST ELECTROLYTE IMBALANCE I'VE EVER--
WHERE'S MY SON!?
HE'S SLEEPING IN ROOM SIX.
WHAT HAPPENED?

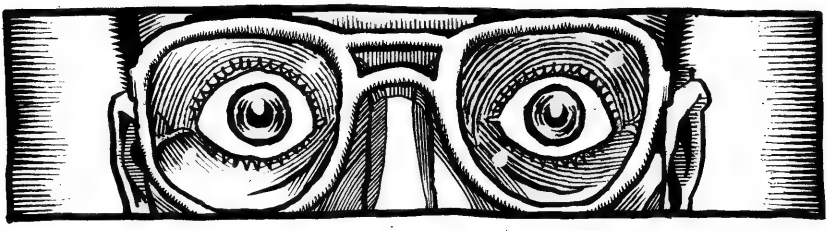
I'M NOT SURE. WHAT TIME IS IT?
NOON.
I WANT YOU TO STAY IN BED.

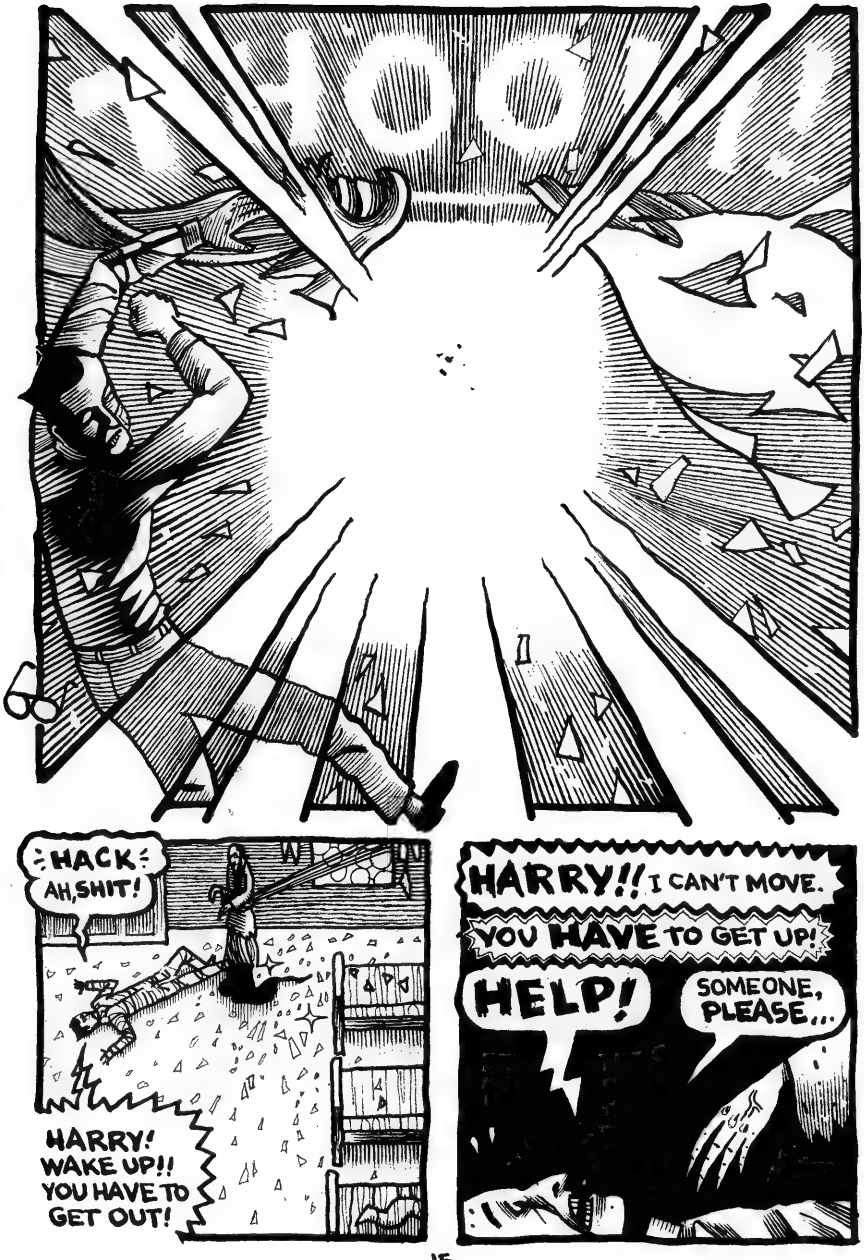
YOU JUST REST. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

AS SOON AS I WAS ALONE, I FOUND MY CLOTHES AND WENT TO CHECK ON HARRY.


SOMETHING WAS WRONG.
SOMETHING MADE MY SKIN CRAWL.






HACK
AH, SHIT!
HARRY! WAKE UP!! YOU HAVE TO GET OUT!
HARRY!! I CAN'T MOVE.
YOU HAVE TO GET UP!
HELP!
SOMEONE, PLEASE...

HARRY!
...AND THEN I HAD THIS NIGHTMARE.
AFTER MANY YEARS OF TRYING, THE RULERS OF A SMALL DESERT TRIBE HAD NOT BEEN ABLE TO HAVE A CHILD.

BELIEVING THE RESPONSIBILITY WAS HER OWN, THE QUEEN SELECTED ANOTHER WOMAN TO LAY WITH HER HUSBAND IN THE HOPE THAT A CHILD WOULD BE CONCEIVED.

THEIR HOPES WERE REWARDED AND A SON WAS BORN.

BUT NO ONE WAS HAPPY. THE YOUNG WIFE FELT SHE SHOULD BE THE NEW QUEEN. THE OLD QUEEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER RIVAL'S CHILD.

THE OLD KING GREW TIRED OF HAVING TO LISTEN TO THE TWO WOMEN ARGUE. THE YOUNG WIFE WAS BANISHED TO THE DESERT.

THE YOUNG WIFE HAD ENOUGH FOOD AND WATER TO MAKE IT TO THE NEXT OASIS IF SHE WAS DESERT-WISE AND LUCKY... BUT SHE WAS NEITHER OF THOSE THINGS.

NEAR DEATH, SHE FOUND THE DOOR OF A DEVASTATED TEMPLE. A PLACE WHERE DARKNESS WAS ONCE WORSHIPED.

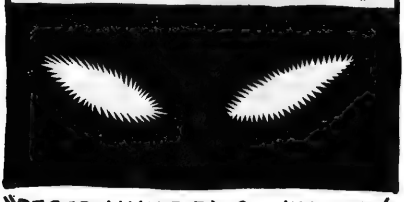
THERE IN THE SHADOWS, A VOICE THAT WAS NO VOICE SPOKE. THE DARKNESS SAID, "LONG AGO, YOUR HUSBAND'S PEOPLE DESTROYED THIS TEMPLE..."

"...LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR A CALL THAT WOULD RELEASE US FROM THESE STONES. YOU WILL DIE SOON. WE CAN SAVE YOU IF YOU WILL DO OUR BIDDING.

THE YOUNG WIFE WAS NOT UNSCHOOLED IN THE WAYS OF DARKNESS. SHE KNEW THAT THERE WOULD BE A PRICE...

...BUT SHE COULD NOT IMAGINE ANYTHING THAT WAS WORSE THAN DEATH.

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?" SHE ASKED.



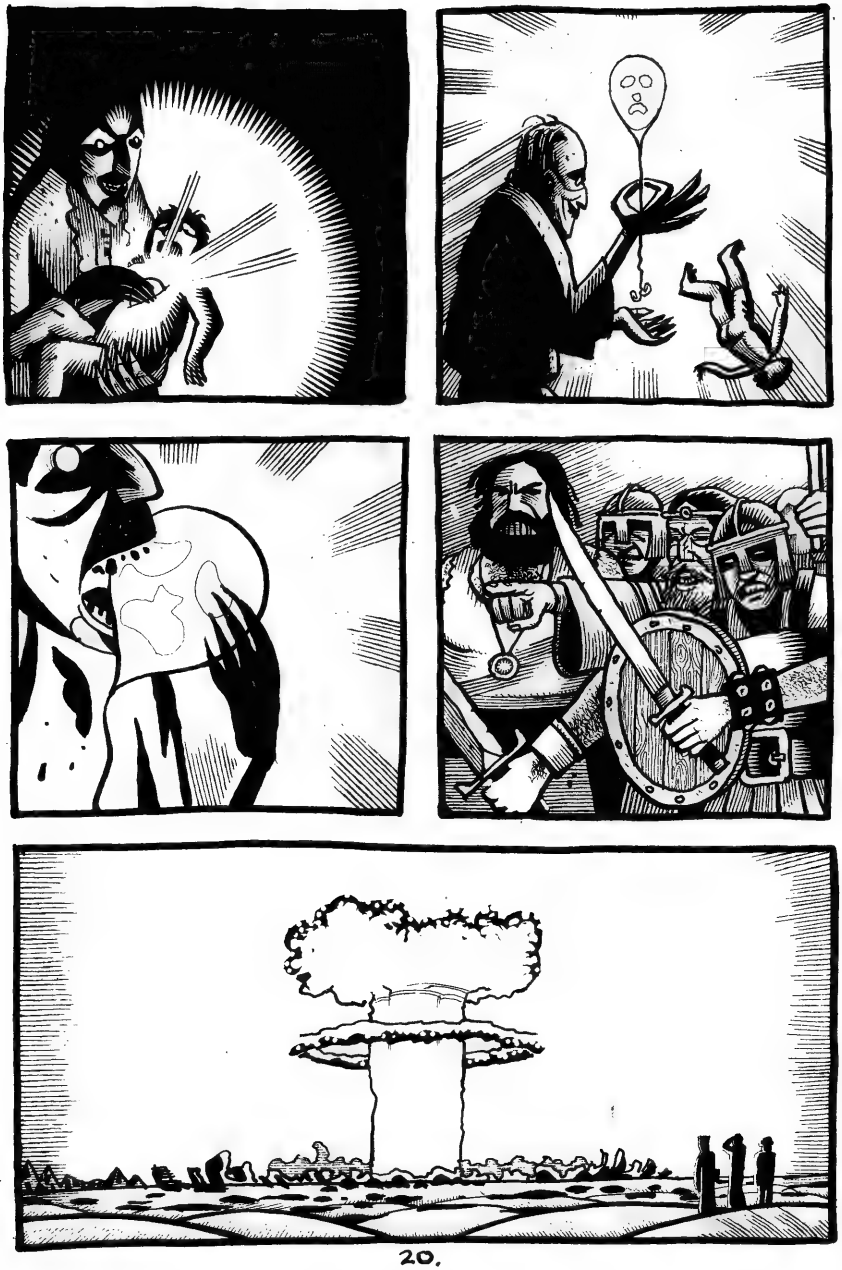
"DESTROY YOUR FALSE HUSBAND'S TRIBE. PURGE THE DESERT OF THEIR STENCH. YOU HAVE THE NEED. WE CAN GIVE YOU THE POWER."

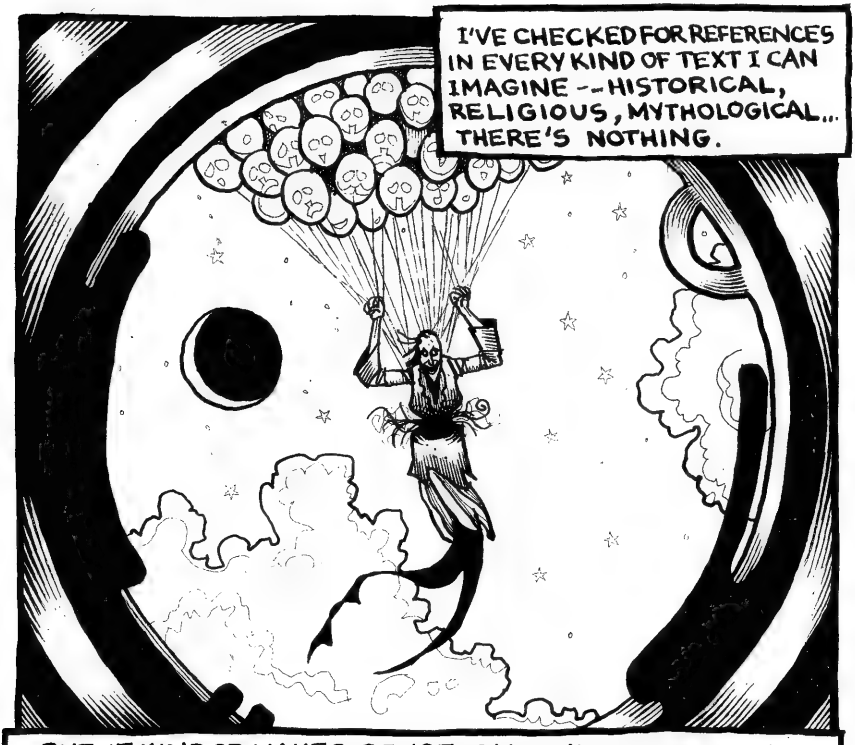
"GLADLY!" THE YOUNG WIFE SAID. "JOYFULLY WILL I DO THIS THING!"

AND SO A DEAL WAS STRUCK.

AND THEN MOST OF HER DIED.

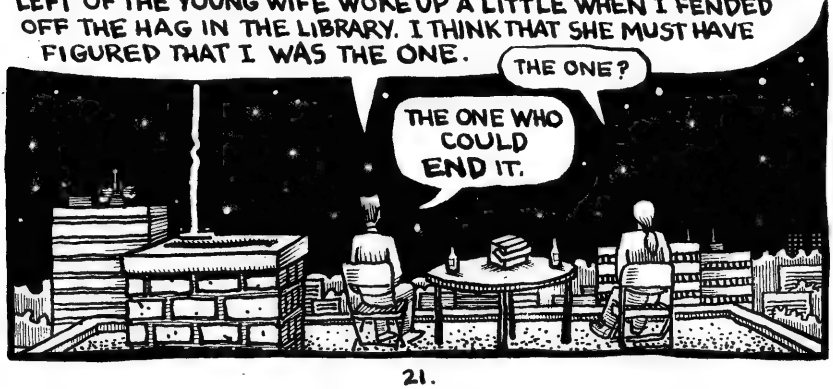
AND SOMEWHERE UNDERNEATH THE DARKNESS AND THE HATRED, WHAT REMAINED OF THE YOUNG WIFE BEGAN TO SCREAM.

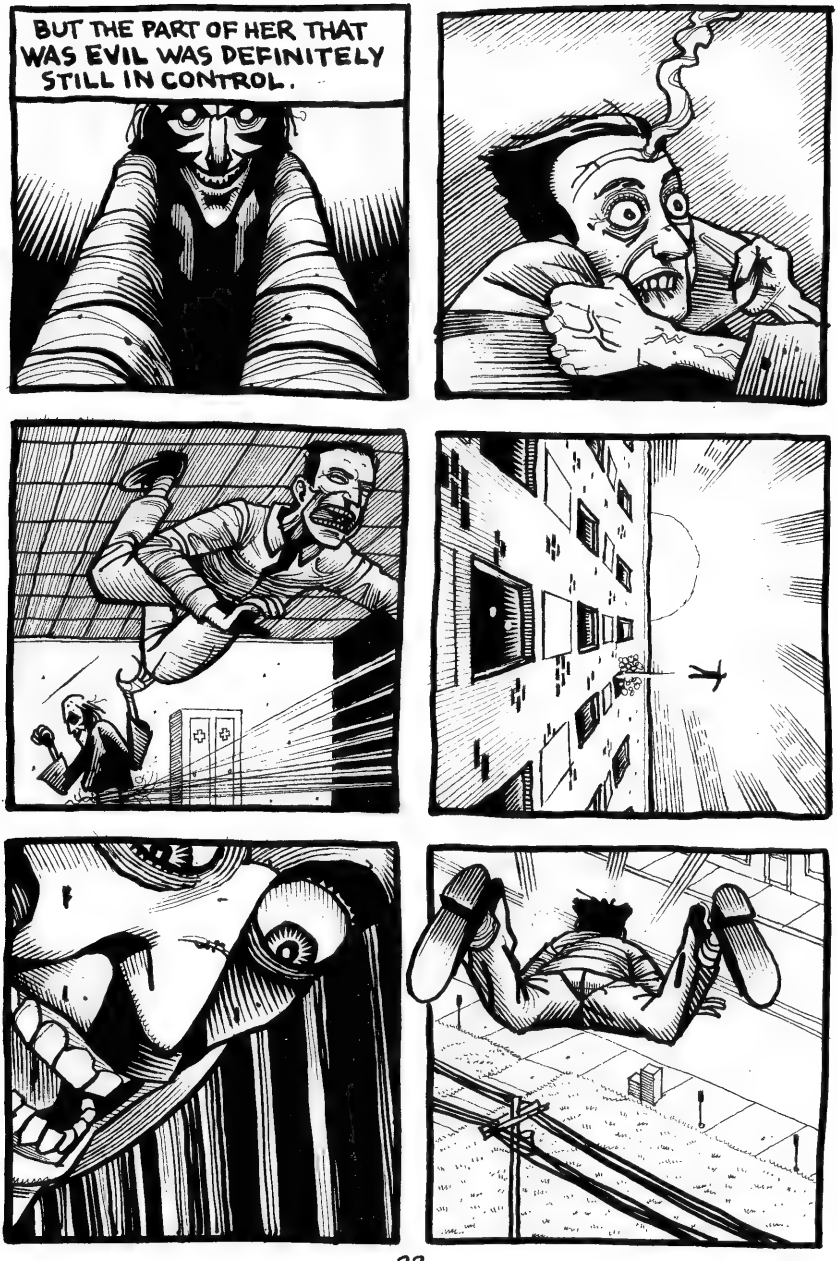


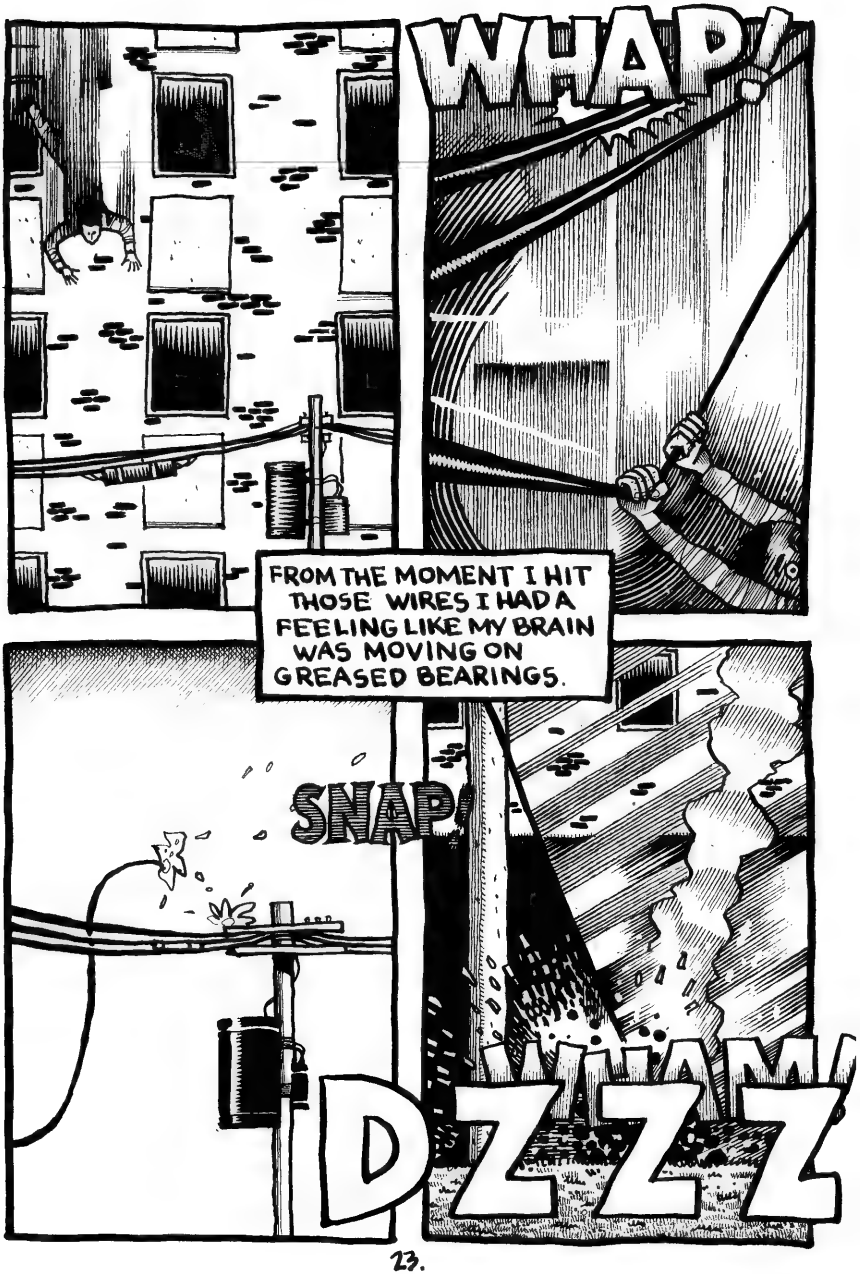


BUT IT KIND OF MAKES SENSE THAT THERE WOULDN'T BE. THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT TO TELL THE TALE. FOR SOME REASON SHE WANTED ME TO KNOW THE STORY.

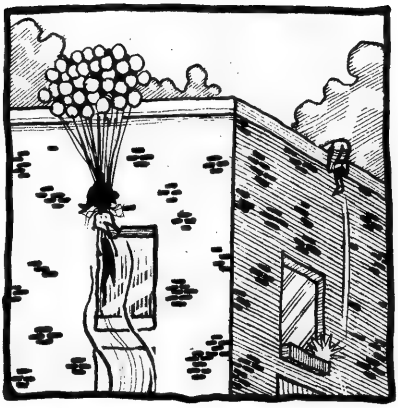
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, I THINK THAT WHATEVER WAS LEFT OF THE YOUNG WIFE WOKE UP A LITTLE WHEN I FENDED OFF THE HAG IN THE LIBRARY. I THINK THAT SHE MUST HAVE FIGURED THAT I WAS THE ONE.

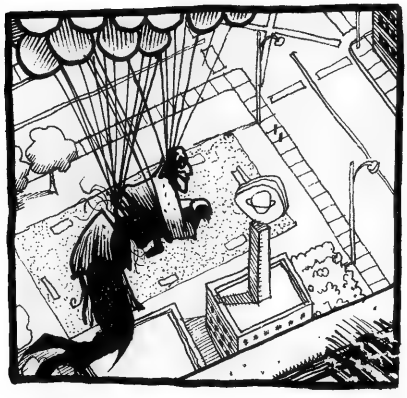


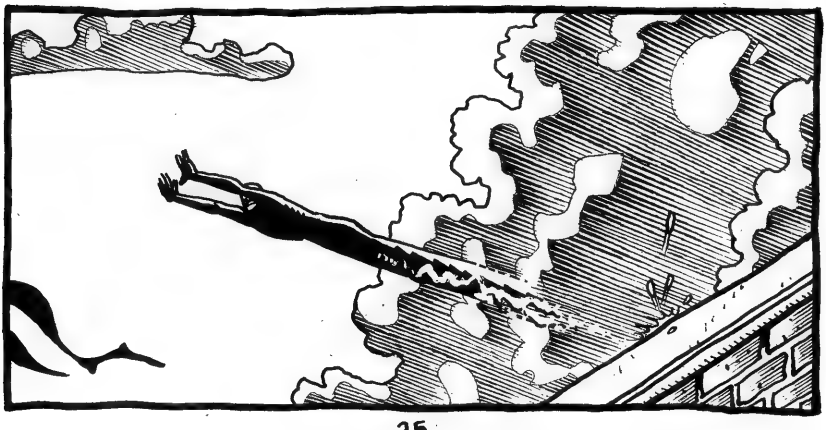

BUT THE PART OF HER THAT WAS EVIL WAS DEFINITELY STILL IN CONTROL.

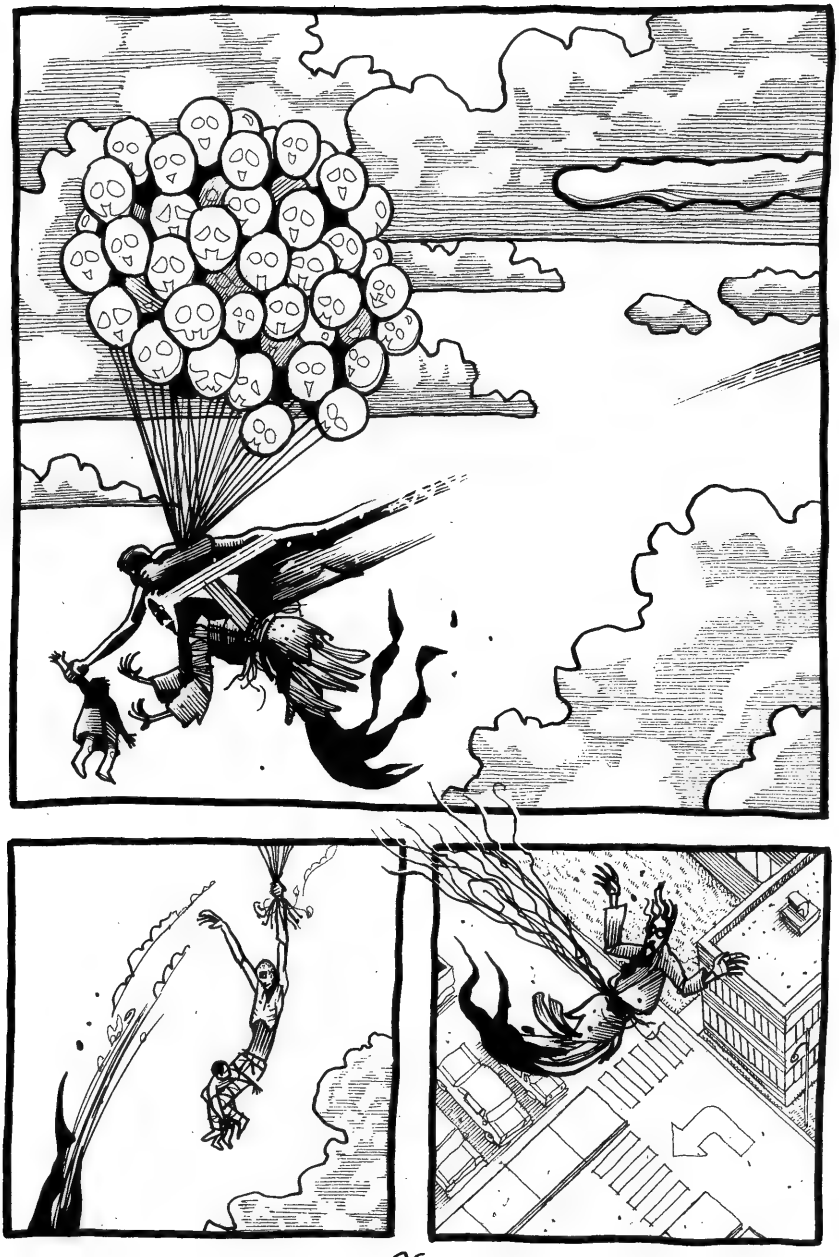

WHAP!
FROM THE MOMENT I HIT THOSE WIRES I HAD A FEELING LIKE MY BRAIN WAS MOVING ON GREASED BEARINGS.
SNAP!
DZZZ

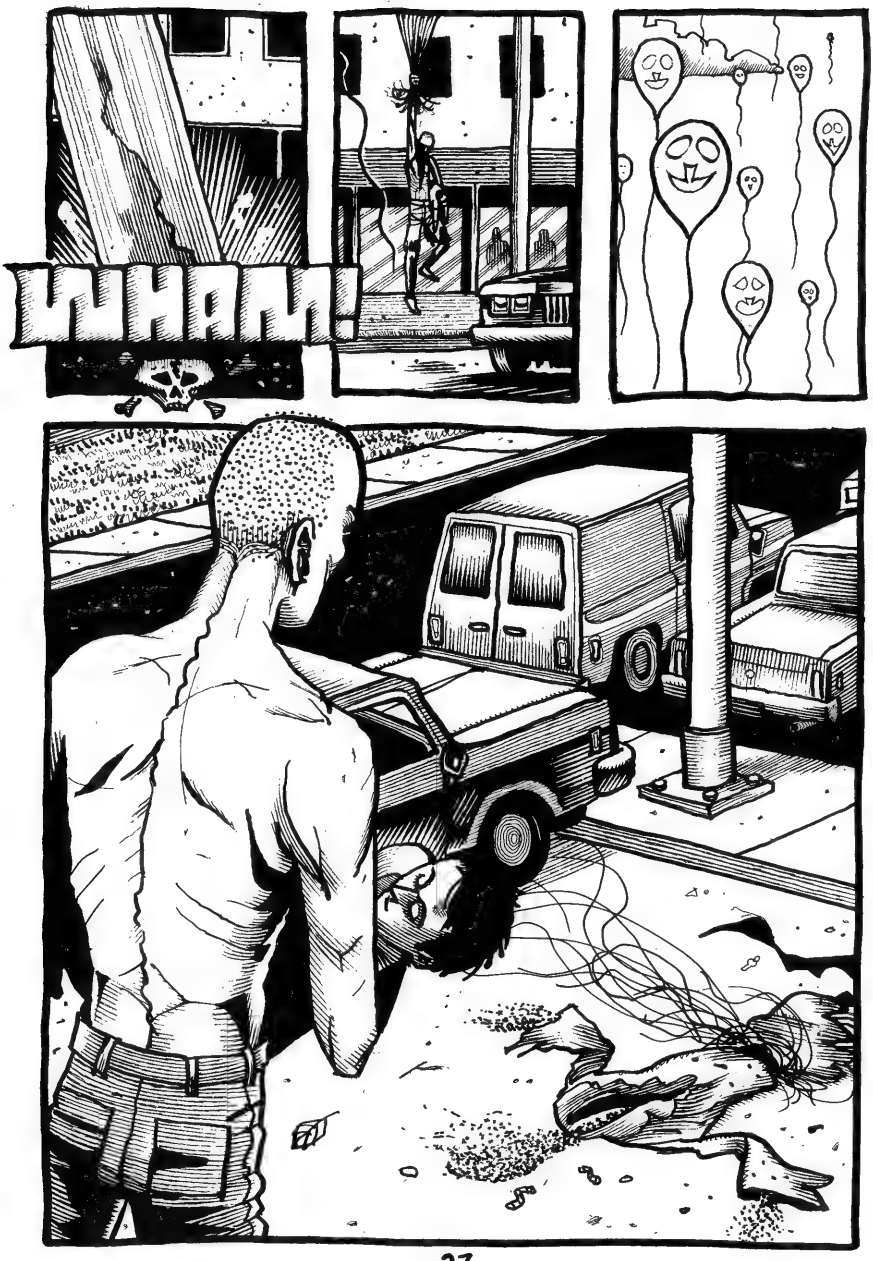
I HAD NEVER BEEN CHARGED UP LIKE THAT BEFORE.
HARRY
ZZZZT!

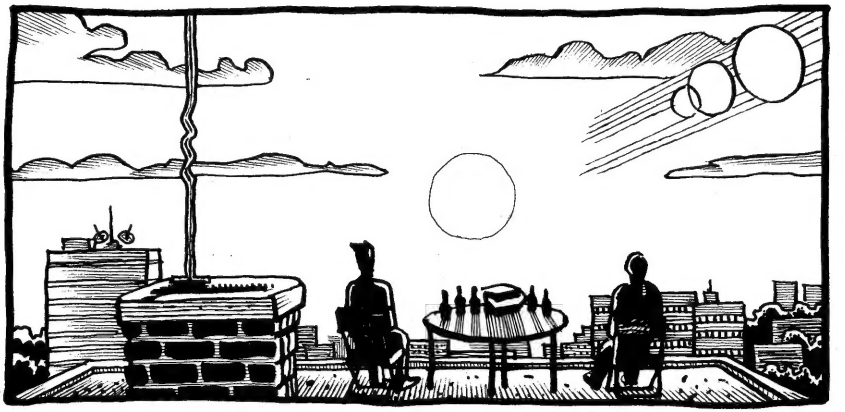









WHAM!



HARRY WAS IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE FOR A WHILE. ZOE WAS TRAUMATIZED. THE BOTH OF THEM, WELL, THEY NEEDED TIME AWAY. THEY'RE OUT AT ZOE'S MOM'S PLACE.

NO! NO, NO. THEY'LL BE COMING HOME TO STAY TODAY. I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP. I WOULDN'T HAVE SLEPT VERY MUCH ANYWAY.

PLEASE TELL JANE TO STOP HER INVESTIGATION. I THINK I'VE REACHED MY OWN CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THIS THING.
I WILL.
PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE. IT COULD WRECK MY LIFE.
I WON'T.

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PSFS

HEY, SPARKY.
FIN
JEFF LANG
BEM96.

Legend...Mage...Sorcerer...Who is...

Saint GERMAINE

"The Mage of Mages."
-Simon Magus, 56 A.D.

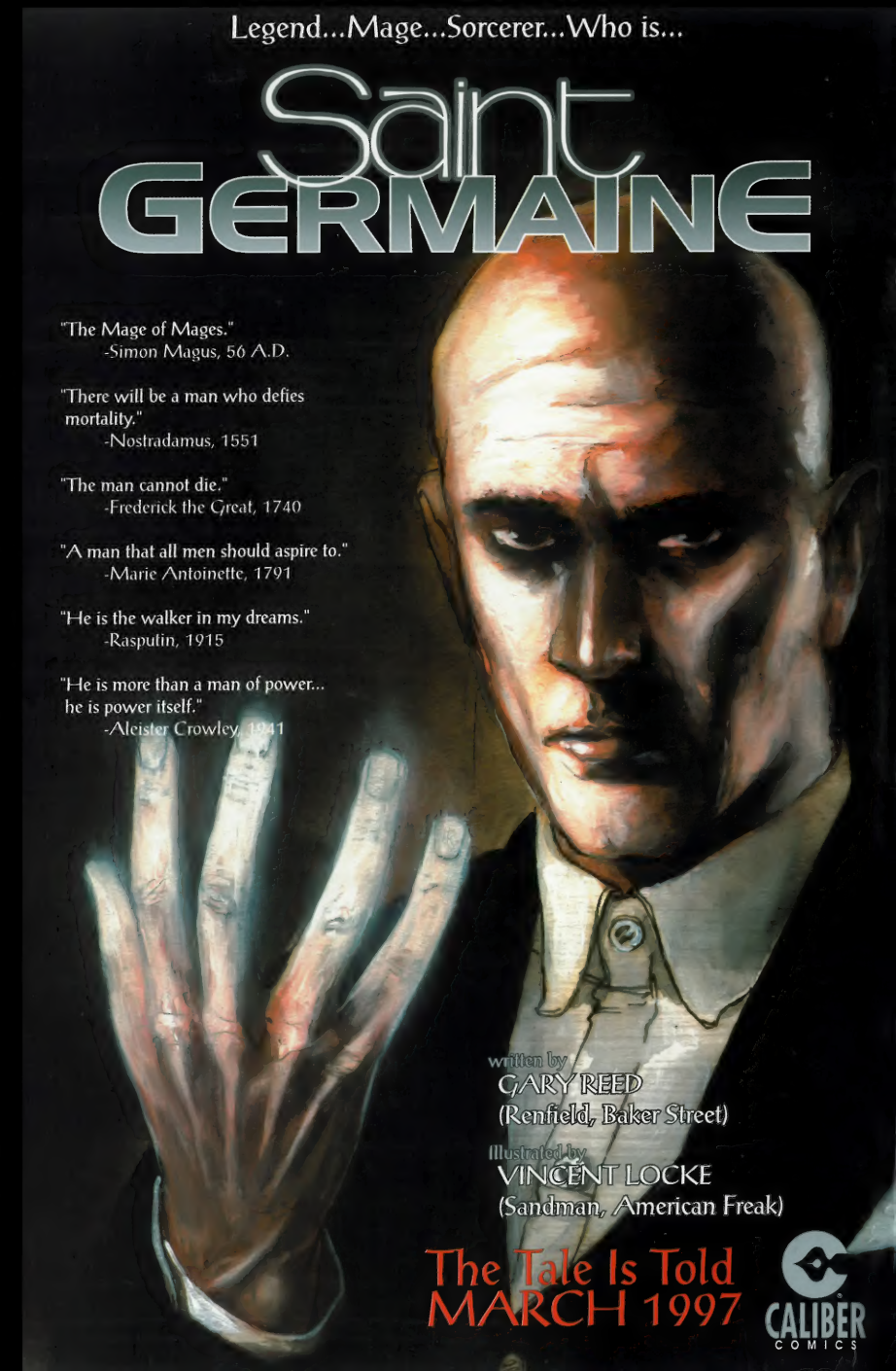
"There will be a man who defies mortality."
-Nostradamus, 1551

"The man cannot die."
-Frederick the Great, 1740

"A man that all men should aspire to."
-Marie Antoinette, 1791

"He is the walker in my dreams."
-Rasputin, 1915

"He is more than a man of power... he is power itself."
-Aleister Crowley, 1941



written by
GARY REED
(Renfield, Baker Street)

illustrated by
VINCENT LOCKE
(Sandman, American Freak)

The Tale Is Told
MARCH 1997

CALIBER COMICS